十文字 青
イラスト＝白井鋭利
level.4
導き導かれし者たち
Presented by Ao jyumonji
Illustration by Eiri shirai
灰と幻想のグリムガル
OVERLAP

(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

grimgarthetranslation.wordpress.com/level-4/color-illustrations/

7/14/2016

Color Illustrations

"Kuzak..."
Mary inclined her head.
"Let me apologize once again.
I'm sorry... and thank you."
"Sorry. I wish I'd gotten here sooner.
I was curious, so I followed. Something like that."

"Jes
Ien
Salk
Kart
Fram
Dart!"
That wasn't normal lightning magic. The incantation may have sounded normal, but it wasn't.
A flash of light. A thunderous clap. Lightning descended from above... not just one bolt but an entire cluster.

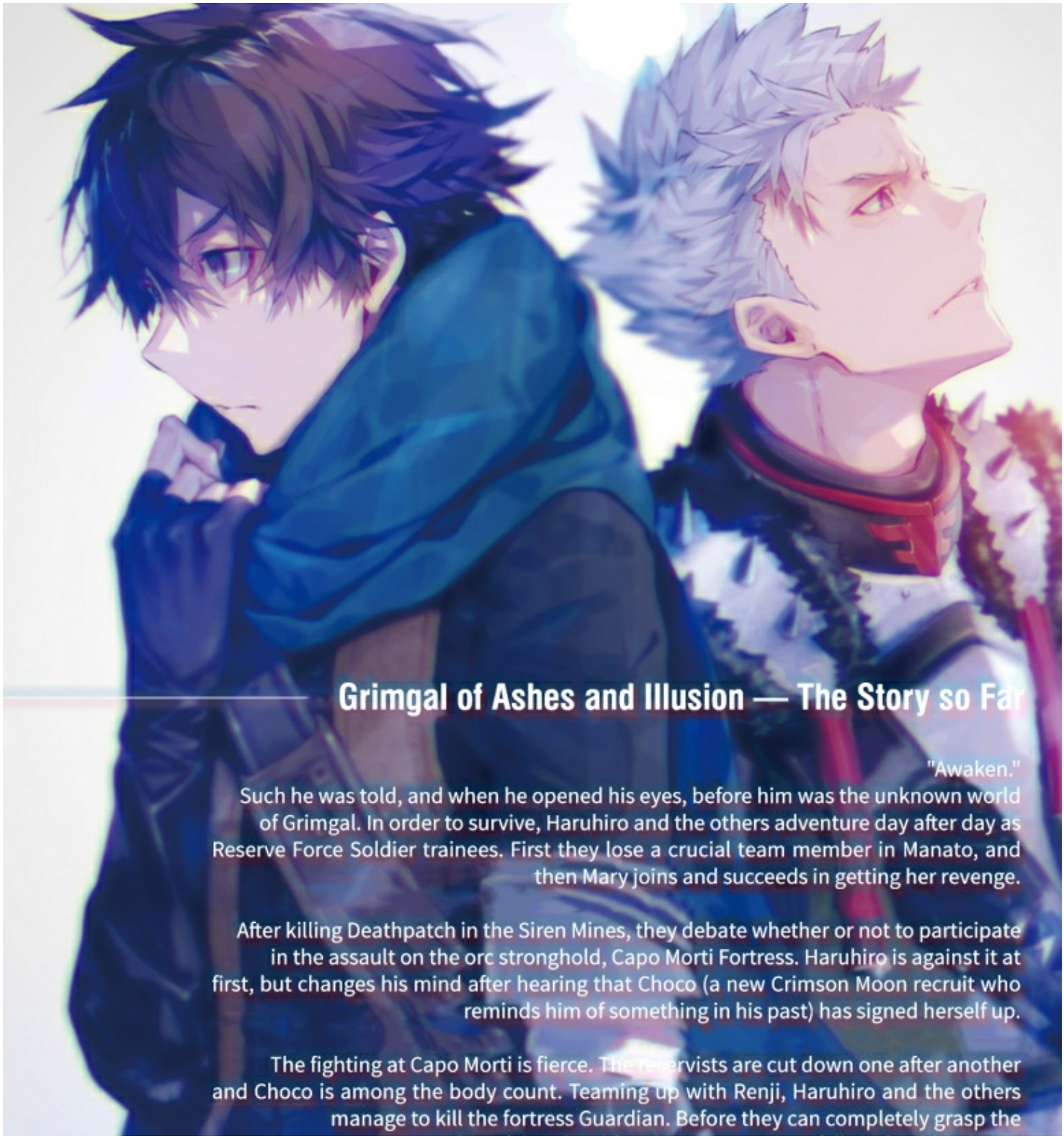
"How about joining us?"
"Huh...?"
"Us? What do you mean?"
"The Daybreakers."
This is where our paths separate, *Haruhiro realized.*
I now stand at a crossroads.

(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

grimgarthetranslation.wordpress.com/level-4/the-story-so-far/

7/14/2016

The Story So Far…



reality of their hard fought victory, Mogzo falls before their eyes.
Thus the adventure continues...

(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

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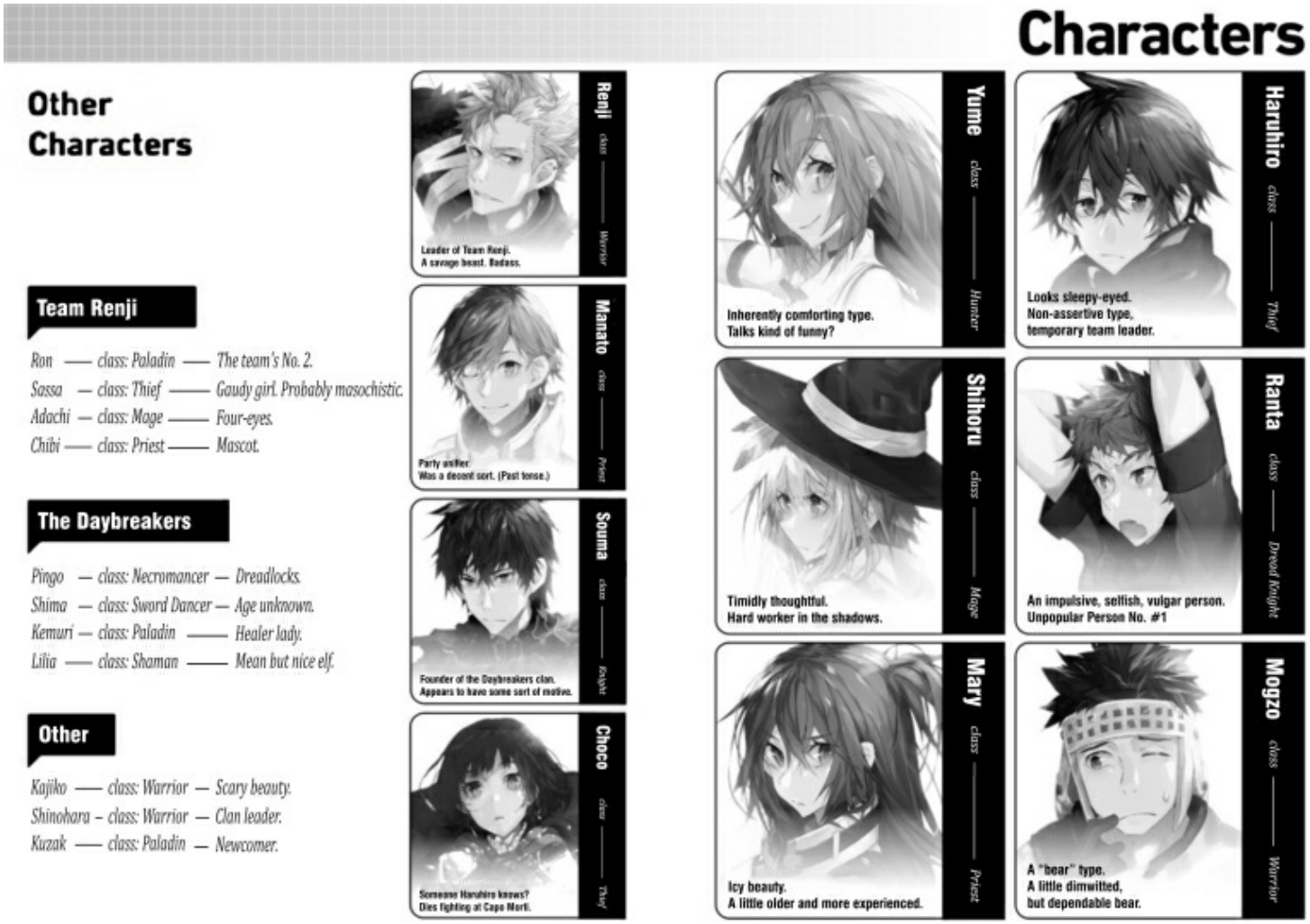
Characters



(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

LEVEL 4: Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers

All of the remaining orcs were dead now and Shihoru was crying in relief that it was all over. Yume wrapped an arm around the Mage's shoulders, patting her head and whispering, "It's okay, it's alright… I'm glad it's over too…"

"Can you stand?" Mary asked him.

Yes. Wait, no. The lie had bubbled to his lips unwittingly, because if he said no, maybe Mary would be nice and sympathetic to him… but he decided against it.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Haruhiro said, getting to his feet. "Forget about me though, I'm more worried about—"

Why was Mogzo just standing there? Everyone else was celebrating the victory, arguing about the money, getting healed or whatever but Mogzo was just standing there. And something seemed off. Both his arms hung limp at his sides and he was no longer holding his sword. Actually, Haruhiro was amazed that he was still able to stand.

In his condition, just being on his feet in and of itself was an impressive feat. His helm wasn't just a misshapen mess, it was slanted off to one side on his head. Blood seeped from all over and trickled to the ground. Then slowly, ever so slowly, he started to fall over. He fell as if the supports holding up something heavy had suddenly been removed.

Mary's breath caught in her throat. Haruhiro called his name.

"Mogzo…?"

Hearing his name called, Mogzo slowly struggled back onto his feet.

"What the heck," Haruhiro breathed, pressing a hand to his chest in relief.

Mogzo really surprised him. For a second there, he totally panicked. He thought something that couldn't possibly have happened had just occurred and was glad he was wrong.

"Don't scare me like that, Mogzo," he said.

"Ah, sorry, sorry," Mogzo chuckled bashfully, scratching his head.

Mogzo's face was covered in so much of his own blood that Haruhiro had a hard time making out his expression. But he somehow seemed to be alright.

"I'm glad you're okay," Haruhiro whispered. He closed his eyes and, burying his head in his hands, suppressed a sudden urge to cry. "I'm just glad you're alive."

Haruhiro had no idea what to do in that horrible moment when he had thought the worst. If something like that really happened, it would've been awful. Worse than awful—it would've been unimaginable. But it didn't. Something like that could never happen.

“I’m so glad…” Haruhiro was actually crying now. Both his hands were wet with tears, he was that relieved.

He’d never felt more relieved and happy his entire life. He seriously thought that they were all done for and everyone pulling through in more or less one piece was like a dream. In fact, this felt like a dream he’d had before. A prophetic dream, perhaps. A dream from last night, where everything went wrong. Strange. Why would he have a dream like that? But whatever, everything was alright after all. Mogzo was wounded and bloody, but he was alive. That was all that mattered.

“Everything’s okay…”

Haruhiro heard the whisper of his own voice in the darkness. He let his hands slide back down to his sides. The shabby reserve force lodge room was pitch black. He had been asleep? He must have been. Which meant… he didn’t want to think about it. Yet a part of him also needed to be certain.

Needing to be absolutely sure, he sat up on the bed. It was the same room they always occupied; the one with two bunks of double beds. Ranta occupied the top bunk across from him and was asleep, snoring softly. The bunk below Ranta’s… was empty. No one slept in it now.

Because Mogzo wasn’t here anymore. He was gone and would never be back.

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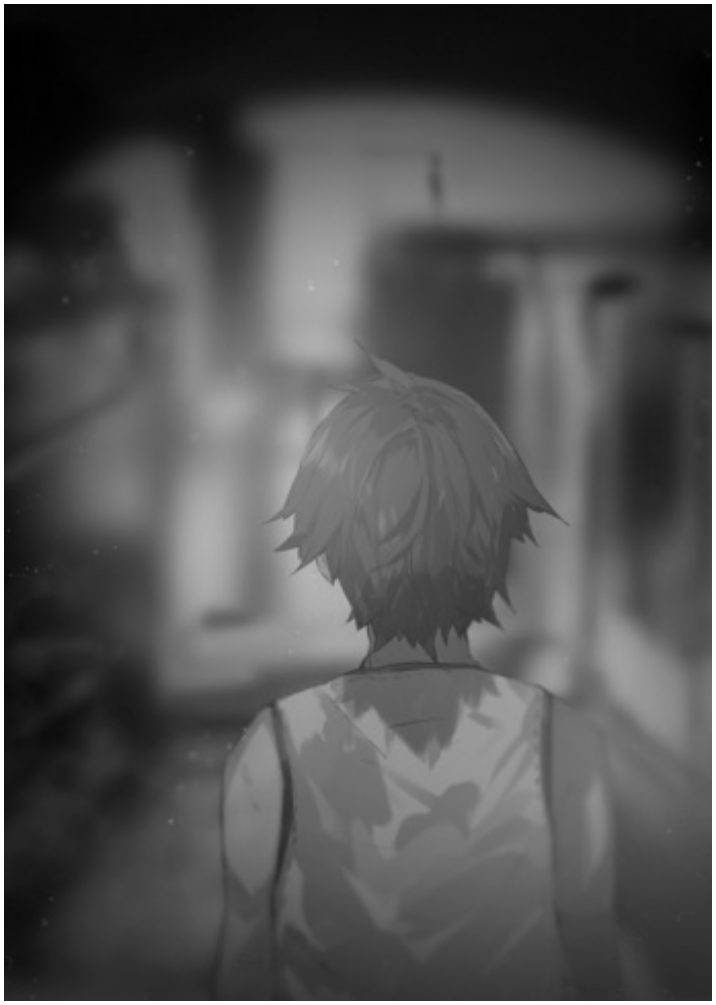

(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

grimgarthetranslation.wordpress.com/level-4/chapters-0-5/chapter-1-this-near-unbearable-weight-of-reality/

7/10/2016

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LEVEL 4: Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers

Chapter 1: This Near Unbearable Weight of Reality

PART 1 of 3

A person's death is no trifling matter.

And in recent days, Haruhiro never imagined that someone's death would be something he would have to experience once again. Of course, he realized there was the *possibility* that anyone could die at any time. More than anything else, the safety of his companions was always foremost on his mind, and their deaths were the fear rooted most deeply in his heart. But his assumptions of death, of loss, had clearly been too detached from reality. Then, before he knew it, death had come and gone, leaving only pain entirely different from the pain he felt at Manato's death in its wake.

They carried Mogzo's body back to Altana, and then to the crematorium outside the city to have his body burned. They then took his ashes to the hill where the tower with no entrance or exit stood. The events after that Haruhiro remembered clearly enough, but everything seemed surreal nonetheless. He recalled Team Renji helping them through it all, so everything up to that point went as smoothly as could be expected.

Afterwards was when the true difficulties began.

Their companion, their friend, was dead; turned into bone and ash, put to eternal sleep atop a hill where he would be disturbed no more. Haruhiro and the others had lost Mogzo. Yet even though Mogzo was gone, the vestiges of his presence remained. His arms and armor, for example. His damaged plate mail, dented helm, and the sword that he claimed from Deathpatch, The Chopper. Those couldn't be burned and buried with him. They had wanted to, but the equipment was metal-forged and physically impossible to burn. Getting rid of it was out of the question, but they didn't have anywhere to keep it either.

Finally, it was Shihoru who suggested, "Maybe we can store it somewhere?"

So they headed to Yorozu's Bank and there discovered another unpleasant reality.

"Certainly, we here at Yorozu's Bank can handle the safe-keeping of more than just money," they were told by the fourth generation Yorozu. She was dressed in a flashy red and white garment with metal pieces hanging off here and there, and she regarded them from behind a steel-framed monocle. She tapped the countertop with her golden tobacco pipe and continued, "Regarding the storage fee, while we charge one percent of the total amount for monetary deposits, storage of equipment is two percent of the value of the goods as appraised by us. In your case, there's no need to even appraise the armor, because it's worth nothing."

"W-what?" Haruhiro stuttered. "Why?"

"Do I really need to explain myself, Mr. Lack-of-Manners?" Yorozu sighed.

She had given him that horrible name the first time they met and she was *still* using it.

“That plate armor and helm are too badly damaged and are worth nothing,” she said. “Even if you took it to a blacksmith, I doubt equipment in that condition can be repaired. How about seeing if anyone can use it as scrap metal?”

“Hey! Watch your fucking mouth!” Ranta exclaimed, lunging over the counter in an attempt to grab the little girl sitting so dispassionately behind it.

Haruhiro held Ranta back, but inwardly, he felt the same as Ranta. Scrap metal… Yorozu had the nerve to call their dear friend’s possessions *scrap metal*. The only memento they had of Mogzo, and she treated it as if it was nothing more than trash. Well, it wasn’t. How dare Yozoru talk so brazenly about something she knew nothing about. She was wrong. She didn’t know a goddamn thing.

Yorozu’s eyes narrowed to slits, then she shrugged magnanimously. “I see. So it belonged to a former companion of yours. While I understand your situation, there are rules that even this fourth generation Yorozu cannot bend. No matter what the reasons, we cannot accept items that fall outside of the established regulations. Storage space is a resource too, and we do not store items that have no monetary value. If it’s too precious for you to dispose of, then I suggest you find a way to keep it on hand.”

So this was what it felt like to be lost for words. *If it means that much to you, then figure out what to do with it yourselves,* is what she was basically saying. And the worst part was, she was right. It was their responsibility to take care of Mogzo’s possessions, not hers.

“Then… what about the sword?” Shihoru asked softly.

Yorozu nodded. “Yes, we can store that for you. However, it once belonged to *the* Deathpatch, correct? The storage fee is not going to be cheap.”

A weapons appraisal specialist then came to look at the sword, and just as Yorozu warned, its market price was through the roof at twenty-five gold. One fiftieth of that meant fifty silvers. They had the money to pay for it, but the cost was astounding nevertheless. Haruhiro hesitated in committing.

“Would it make a difference even if we don’t decide now?” Yume asked.

She was right. If they put the decision off until later, carrying it around with them would turn out to be impractical and they would be back here eventually anyway. Still, they didn’t have to do it right this moment. They would have time tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after that… Because apparently, they had more pressing concerns to take care of, according to what Yorozu asked them next.

“Also, and I inquire out of concern, what will you do with the sum remaining in the deceased party’s bank account?”

“Sum remaining?” Haruhiro echoed.

“The deceased had an account with us. Normally, only the account owner would be able to withdraw funds, but in the case of death, it’s possible to transfer the account to a different owner given the completion of the necessary transference procedures.”

“Is… is that so…” Haruhiro replied.

“To be precise, you will need to obtain an official death certificate and proof of next-of-kin from the frontier governor through the Crimson Moon headquarters and present it here,” Yorozu explained. “Once we confirm validity, we will then relinquish all of the deceased party’s funds over to you.”

“Death certificate…? Proof of next-of-kin…?” Haruhiro repeated.

“We are also unable to divulge any information regarding the amount of money stored in the deceased party’s account at this time.”

PART 2 of 3

How much had Mogzo saved up? Haruhiro knew that he’d been spending his money on parts to shore up his armor… and with his appetite, no small amount would have gone towards food, so he doubted any great sum remained. But leaving the account unclaimed didn’t seem like the proper way to handle things either. When Manato had died, no one could tell right from left so Haruhiro had no idea how to take care of things like that. This time though, he wanted to do things right. He had an obligation to do things properly.

Haruhiro wondered if he was the only person who felt that way because the next day, he ended up going to the Crimson Moon headquarters alone. Ranta had no desire to get out of bed and when he asked Yume and Shihoru, they never gave him a straight answer. Mary didn’t live with the rest of them, so he couldn’t even ask.

Haruhiro entered the headquarters building and was about to make his way over to Brittany, or Bri for short, to ask about the next-of-kin paperwork, when the Crimson Moon commander surprised Haruhiro by calling out to him first.

“Ah, it’s you!” exclaimed Bri. “Perfect timing. About the bounty… um-hmm, the bounty. What are you going to do? I was told you haven’t even talked to the others about how you were going to split it. That Renji and Kajiko, they can be such pains in the rear… I’m getting off topic though, this is about YOU. If you don’t make a claim for your share, you’ll lose out big.”

“Err…” Haruhiro replied. “What bounty?”

They had received the remainder of the payment for participation in the Capomorti siege immediately after returning to Altana. It came in the form of a thin copper plate, a military bank note for the compensation of eighty silvers for each of the five people in the party.

“Oh wait,” he suddenly recalled. “You mean for Zoran and Avaael?”

“Yes. Who else?” Bri licked his black painted lips and gave Haruhiro a wink. Haruhiro wished that he would stop. He wasn’t in the mood to put up with Bri’s antics. Bri continued, “Zoran’s head was worth a hundred gold and Avaael’s fifty. That’s a hundred and fifty gold altogether. And from what I hear, your party took out Avaael almost completely on your own.”

“Oh… yeah. Right. Now that you mention it, I think we did.”

“But I’ll have you know, the majority argument for cases like this is still for an even split. You should argue for the entire share. You’d be a fool not to.”

“Really? I guess so, yeah. I don’t really know much about stuff like this though.”

“What!? You don’t want to be rewarded for your fabulously stupendous achievement? You’re not happy about it!?”

“Happy…?”

Haruhiro wanted to laugh, and not out of happiness. What else was there to do but laugh when Bri put it that way? No, laughing wasn’t appropriate. What he really wanted to do was call Bri a dumbass and punch him in the face. Instead, Haruhiro let his gaze drop to the floor and clenched his hands at his sides.

“No, I don’t think I feel very happy,” Haruhiro finally said.

“I didn’t think you would,” replied Bri with a heavy sigh. With his gaze glued to the ground, Haruhiro couldn’t see Bri’s expression. Nor did he want to see it. “At any rate, you’ve got the right to make a claim on the bounty. I’m holding the entire amount for now, but Kajiko proposed—after some rather choice words from Renji—that your share be sixty gold.”

“Sixty!?” Haruhiro exclaimed. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. It was like waking from a dream… if only all this had been a bad dream he could wake up from. “Sixty… *gold*?”

“That’s right,” Bri affirmed. “If you want to count it in silvers, that’s six thousand silvers. Split evenly amongst six—er, I mean, five—people, that’s twelve gold each.”

“Twelve…”

He was irritated and angered by Bri’s oh-so-casual correction from six to five, but that amount of money was still unfathomable. Yet Haruhiro wasn’t happy. No, not even in the slightest.

“I guess if that’s our share then we’ll take it,” said Haruhiro. “It’s just…”

“Just what?”

“Er, nothing. We’ll take it. Thanks. It’s better to have money than not to have it. Money is useful for lots of things. Yeah. Actually, what I’m really here for is—”

“—Death certificate and proof of next-of-kin, correct?” Bri finished for him.

“Yes.”

“It’ll take some time to process the paperwork.”

“How long?”

“Depends on the paper pushers at the governmental offices. Expect to wait a minimum of ten days, however. Maybe seven if you’re lucky, but sooner than that is unheard of. What? Your expression tells me you thought everything would be done in an instant.”

“Actually, I was maybe half hoping…”

“Things are never that simple,” Bri stated. “If you were a real relative of his, then you could go to the offices yourself, but being in the same party doesn’t make you family. Matters would be different, of course, if he were married.”

Again, Bri’s words felt surreal. Marriage… it was yet another reminder of something that Mogzo would never be able to do, and Haruhiro couldn’t help but think about it in those terms. Mogzo would never marry because he was dead. Mogzo’s death felt like such a lie. Haruhiro could hardly believe that he had lifted up Mogzo’s still body with his own hands and carried him to the crematorium. He watched with his own eyes as Mogzo turned to ash and bone before him. He couldn’t believe it. He didn’t want to believe it.

PART 3 of 3

“He wasn’t, right? Married yet, I mean,” Bri asked.

“No, he wasn’t,” Haruhiro replied.

“Then Crimson Moon acts as the guarantor for confirming the identity of unmarried members without blood relatives. I’m going to need the signatures of the other party members, too.”

“Just me isn’t enough?”

“No. Your entire party must sign with me as a witness. The law is the law.”

“So that means…” Haruhiro saw where this was going.

“You’ll have to return when you have the rest of your party with you,” said Bri with finality.

Haruhiro shuffled out of the headquarters, downcast and not sure where to go next. Ranta, Yume, and Shihoru, he was reasonably sure, were still in their rooms. But what about Mary? Come to think of it, everyone had just been meeting up at the same time every morning at Altana’s north gate even though he never said anything when they retired for the evening. After Mogzo died, Haruhiro couldn’t recall if they had talked about when and where they would all meet up next.

He remembered that the day of Mogzo’s death, after they burned his body and however they spent the hours after that, Mary ended up staying the night with Yume and Shihoru at the lodge. No one was up until noon the next morning and when they saw each other then, talk turned to what they were going to do with Mogzo’s possessions. Then they ended up going to Yorozu’s Bank. After that, they parted ways with Mary in the evening without anything having been said about when they would all meet up next.

How were they going to find Mary again? Yume and Shihoru might know where she lived; perhaps Haruhiro should ask them? Or maybe it was better to head back to the lodge and get them so everyone could go together. Or maybe he should just leave it up to the girls to find Mary? Whatever way they went about it, they would have to figure out some way of contacting Mary again.

Haruhiro was also holding on to a bank note for the sixty gold bounty. They would need to split that up between the five of them. The five of them. Split up only between *five* people? It should have been six. And they couldn’t split a bank note; they would have to go get it exchanged for cash. Haruhiro recalled that Yorozu’s provided that kind of exchange service. Oh yeah, maybe they should have stopped by the Crimson Moon headquarters before they had all gone to Yorozu’s yesterday. But Yorozu was the one who told them about the necessary paperwork in the first place, so… right.

Haruhiro let out a deep sigh as he sauntered back towards the lodge. He didn’t feel like doing anything anymore. All his motivation was gone.

“Pain in the ass…” he muttered under his breath.

Suddenly he had an overwhelming urge to stop walking, crouch down in the middle of the road, hold his head in his hands, and stay like that forever. Choco inadvertently sprang to mind. He had completely forgotten about her and he now felt terrible about it. He must be a horrible person, to forget so easily. Choco was dead too. Her entire party probably got wiped out. What happened to her body? Had she been given a proper burial?

The entire operation was supposed to be overseen by the regular army and there was no way they’d just leave the bodies of the dead out there, right? Burial. Buried. Burned until nothing was left but ash and bone, buried on that hill, and then what? Then nothing. Bodies of the dead needed to be burned so that they wouldn’t come under the Curse of the Deathless King. Haruhiro shuddered at the thought of Choco coming back as a zombie. There’s absolutely no way something like that could happen to her.

But those who died had no say in what happened to their bodies afterwards. It was up to the living to find a way to take care of that for them. *Have I been taking care of things?* Haruhiro wondered. *Am I doing things right?* Mogzo… was there more he could have done? Something, anything… Was there anything Mogzo might have wanted him to do? Or something that Mogzo wouldn’t have wanted done? Had he done something that wasn’t right?

It was useless to ask though, when no answer would come. Because Mogzo was gone. Choco, too, was dead. They were both dead. It felt like such a lie, but it wasn't. It was the truth.

"We never should have signed up…" Haruhiro whispered.

They never should have participated in the campaign. Choco's party shouldn't have either. It was too much for them to handle.

"Whose idea was it?"

Ranta. That idiot Ranta had proposed it.

"But… I'm the one who made the final decision."

If Haruhiro hadn't voted yes, then maybe Ranta wouldn't have had his majority and they wouldn't have signed up to participate. No, not "maybe". Without Haruhiro's yes vote, they definitely wouldn't have done it. And if Haruhiro hadn't heard that Choco's party was already signed up, then his vote would have most likely stayed no. Whether it was his business or not, he should have convinced Choco not to participate. He should have argued that it was too dangerous, too reckless. He should have stopped her, and if the others in her party insisted on going, then she should have quit the party.

Haruhiro should have convinced her not to go. No matter how upset Ranta would have gotten, he should have voted for his own party not to go. He should have put his foot down, no was no. It was too dangerous; the risk was too high. But Haruhiro had convinced himself that the risk would be low and voted yes.

Oh he fully realized that hindsight was twenty-twenty. When things turn out badly, it was easy to see how everything up to that point had been a mistake. Haruhiro wasn't blaming anyone. It was useless to try. No amount of blame would bring Mogzo back.

He turned his gaze skyward now, wondering what time it was. Around three o'clock in the afternoon, maybe. The sun was bright in the cloudless sky. Damn it all. *It's a really nice day today, Mogzo.*

"There's no turning back," Haruhiro said out loud to no one. "We've got no other way to go but forward."

The sky was a ridiculously beautiful blue. Haruhiro raised a hand to shield his eyes from the brightness of the sun, and let it fill his vision.

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8/2/2016

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LEVEL 4: **Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers**

Chapter 2: Funya-Funyan

(Funya-Funyan is Japanese onomatopoeia for flabby, limp, lacking energy. We might change it at some point, but probably won't. -hika)

Yume was funya-funyaing. What did that even mean anyhow? Yume had no idea either. All she knew was that she was funya-funya and didn't know how to describe it any other way.

Because she was funya-funya, getting up and out of bed was way too much effort. So she remained sprawled on her reserve force lodge bunk. Once in a while she would flip over to one side or the other, but since she was funya-funya, even that required a tremendous amount of effort.

She also had to pee. She'd been holding it a long time now and she reckoned that it'd be best to get up and go do the necessary. Sooner or later she'd have to get up, no mistake about it, but because she was funya-funya she didn't feel like it now.

"Yume?" Shihoru called her name.

As much as Yume wanted to reply, she was funya-funya so it was too much effort to get her vocal chords to respond.

At last, Yume managed with, "Hmm?"

"You're not hungry?" Shihoru asked.

"Hmm…"

Yume thought about it. She supposed she wasn't not hungry; if she were to eat something then she would have eaten it, so by all accounts she could eat. But she didn't really feel like eating. Whatever, she felt fine enough without eating so that must've meant she didn't have to eat.

"…Hmm."

"Yume, it's not good to starve yourself…"

"Hmm."

"Yume?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you listening to me?"

“Hmm…”

This won’t do, the funya-funya Yume thought to herself. She should reply properly. No matter how much she reckoned she should’ve, though, she couldn’t. She wasn’t trying to give Shihoru a hard time, it was just total lack of energy and motivation to do anything. She wasn’t just physically funya-funya, but mentally too.

“You need to get a grip on yourself,” Shihoru suddenly exclaimed in a half-whisper.

Because she had said it so quickly and in such a hushed voice, Yume couldn’t tell if Shihoru meant for her to hear it. She knew though, that Shihoru was annoyed. Maybe even mad. It was the first time Shihoru said anything to her in that tone. Yume couldn’t recall Shihoru ever having spoken to her like that.

Yume flopped over to regard Shihoru, who was sitting on the bed next to hers. She was hanging her head, gaze towards the floor.

“Sorry…” Yume apologized. Shihoru quickly shook her head without looking up and said, “I’m sorry too.”

“You don’t have anythin’ to apologize for,” Yume said.

“But I…”

“You didn’t do anythin’ wrong.”

“No, I did…” Shihoru insisted.

“You didn’t.”

“I think I did.”

“Oh…” Yume finally capitulated.

“What… are we going to do from now on?” Shihoru whispered.

“Hmm…”

Yume tried thinking about it, but her brain refused to work. The wheels and cogs inside stayed at a dead stop. She tried thinking anyways, uncharacteristically desperate to find adequate words.

“Um, Shihoru?” Yume finally said.

“Yes?”

“Yume’s really bad at these kinda things. Yume hates hurtin’ and feelin’ sad… everyone does, right?”

“Yes, I suppose…”

“But you know, for example, if there was a big rainstorm…”

“Okay…”

Yume continued, “And it was rainin’ super hard, you wouldn’t go outside for a walk, right? You’d stay inside and hope. You’d hope for it to stop rainin’.”

“I guess I would, yes.”

“But who could really make it stop? It’s like that… There’s nothin’ no one could’ve done about it.”

“Nothing at all…?” Shihoru asked, doubtful.

“Err, meanin’ I don’t think it’s anyone’s bad that things turned out like this. It’s just the way things turned out. It all feels like some big ol’ lie. Yume never thought somethin’ like this could happen.”

“I… me too.”

“Why didn’t Yume ever expect it?” Yume asked herself. “It’s not like these things don’t happen. Yume was supposed to have known that it might’ve, at least…”

Because it wasn’t the first time. No, it had happened once before but Yume had never dreamed that it would happen again. The death of a friend. That Mogzo would die.

“Yume is such an idiot,” said Yume, flipping over to lie on her stomach. Her entire body felt heavy, funya-funya. “Yume was too stupid. This happened because Yume is a big, stupid idiot.”

This time, Shihoru didn’t reply.

Yume suddenly felt very sleepy, but she knew that she wouldn’t be able to fall asleep. She flopped over onto her back. Her body was heavier and more funya-funya than ever before. She had no desire to move. And for the time being, she remained unmoving, unable to move.

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LEVEL 4: **Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers**

Chapter 3: Unlimited

“Hey Mister! Another bowl of sorruz!” Ranta exclaimed, raising an index finger as soup and noodles dribbled from his full mouth.

The only place to get sorruz noodles around here was from a small food stand in Altana’s southern district in the food court area for common laborers. Sorruz was a soupy, salty dish made from thinly cut, yellowish wheat noodles with stewed meat added in. Not everyone thought it was totally delicious, and there was a clear divide between people who liked it and people who didn’t. At least on the first bite.

The problem was, the more you ate, the more it would grow on you and after a period of not having any, you would start craving it. After a while, it would become an addiction. You’d want to have a bowl once every ten—no, five… wait, three—days.

A huge pile of empty sorruz bowls was stacked next to Ranta’s face on the counter. Seven, to be precise, and Ranta was fervently working on conquering the eighth. He had ordered the ninth just now and it would be arriving momentarily. Freshly made sorruz was scalding hot. He wasn’t exaggerating when he said that it was fucking scalding hot. But he didn’t have time to blow on the noodles to cool them.

He had probably burned several layers of skin off in the insides of his mouth already and to be honest, he could no longer even taste the flavor. His stomach was also at the point of rebellion. It was so full and swollen, he looked like he was pregnant or something. Continuing to eat was torture, but Ranta didn’t stop. One more mouthful and the eighth bowl was finished.

“Eight down!” Ranta exclaimed as the ninth was put before him.

His eyes teared up from the steam rising off the fresh bowl. The delicious smell from a perfect combination of onions, carrots, chicken bone broth, and fatty pork would’ve been enough to make anyone’s mouth water, but the only thing Ranta felt was the agony of heartburn.

“You okay, kid?” the cook and owner of the stand peeked out from over the counter to regard Ranta.

Ranta nodded, wiping his brow with the back of his hand. His face was dripping with sweat, snot from a runny nose, and soup that missed his mouth. It was gross by anyone’s account, but Ranta didn’t care.

“Here I go!” Ranta dug into bowl number nine, slurping the noodles down even as he felt like they were going to come back up.

He hurriedly pressed both hands to his mouth, refusing to throw up. He would never, ever throw up. He couldn’t let himself. He was going to eat, eat, and eat the shit out of these noodles.

“Let’s do it. Start a shop.” His friend; his companion, Mogzo’s face appeared in his mind’s eye, exactly like it was

that time. He had never seen Mogzo's expression light up like that before. "But I don't want it to be sorruz, I want to make it a ramen shop. While we save up money, we can keep experimenting with the flavor. And once we've got it right, let's do it. Let's open a shop."

"Yeah, let's do it," Ranta muttered, knowing that Mogzo couldn't hear him.

So all he could do now was eat. Eat, eat, and eat some more. Keep eating the sorruz that Mogzo had liked so much. Eat until he couldn't eat more, then eat more. Eat until he was fuller than full, until he didn't want to eat any more, then eat more. Eat, eat, eat.

"Ughhhhh…" Ranta groaned. But he had to keep eating because… because… "Because you won't be able to eat ever again."

Right, partner? No matter how much Mogzo wanted to eat now, he couldn't anymore. *So Lord Ranta's gonna eat instead.* What was the point of doing something like this anyways? Fuck if he knew and he didn't give a shit either. It just felt like the right thing to do. He couldn't help feeling that way and he couldn't stop himself from doing it.

"Mister! Another bowl!"

"Look, kid…" the shop owner started to protest.

"It's fine!" Ranta cut him off. "Just hurry up and bring another!"

"A-alright…"

"Bowl number nine!" Ranta declared.

Determined to finish this one in a single go, he started to eat faster. Or wanted to, but no matter how fast he thought he was eating, the amount of noodles in the bowl didn't seem to decrease. He stopped, his stomach in full rebel mode. He couldn't breathe. He was going to suffocate to death.

Then, he noticed; it'd gotten awfully noisy all of a sudden. When he looked up, he saw a mass of workmen and Crimson Moon reservists crowded around him. What the hell? Why were they all staring at him?

"Whoa… he's going onto his tenth bowl," someone murmured. Then another, "Holy shit…" And a third, "No way… is that even possible?" To which someone else replied, "He'll throw up before then. No way he can hold down ten bowls…"

Ranta scoffed loudly and suddenly felt an entire noodle shoot into his nose. He made to pull it out and throw it away, but then thought better of it. Mogzo wouldn't do any such thing. So he extracted the noodle from his nostrils, put it back into his mouth, and swallowed.

"You idiots just watch," Ranta said. "Ten bowls ain't NOTHING! I can eat double that no problem!"

Here goes! Ranta tackled the remainder of bowl number nine with renewed vigor, polishing it off in one gulp. The tenth arrived. He started to feel dizzy and sick but whatever. He got to his feet with a battle shout, brought the steaming hot bowl to his lips, and started downing the scalding contents. Noodles, meat, vegetables, whatever. They all went down his throat at once.

Those around him started to get excited, cheering and shouting encouragement. Fueled by the crowd, Ranta finished the tenth bowl in less than a minute, soup included.

"Take that!" Ranta shouted. "Mister! Bring on another!"

"Coming right up!"

“Whoaaaa!” someone exclaimed.

“He did it!” said somebody else.

“Keep going! Go, go, go!!” another encouraged.

“Fuck you all!” Ranta flipped his middle finger at everyone around him. “The name’s Ranta! Everyone say it!”

“RANTA! RANTA! RANTA!” they chanted thunderously.

“Mister, hurry it up!” Ranta yelled at the shop owner.

“Here you go!”

“Hahaha! Bowl number eleven!” Ranta laughed as he took the bowl into his hands and for a passing moment, wondered why he was doing this.

Whatever. He didn’t give a shit. Eat, eat, eat. *I hope you’re watching, partner.* Because it was the only thing he could do for Mogzo now.

“Urk—!!” he suddenly choked and noodles came flying out of his nose. The crowd erupted into laughter. Rather than getting angry, Ranta laughed too, louder than anyone else. He’d show them. He’d eat until he exploded.

One day, I’ll open a shop. Not sorruz, but ramen, just like you wanted. Of course it’ll be called Ramen Stand: Ranta & Mogzo.

No. *Mogzo & Ranta*.

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(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

grimgarthetranslation.wordpress.com/level-4/chapters-0-5/chapter-4-the-worst/

8/24/2016

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LEVEL 4: **Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers**

Chapter 4: The Worst

Part 1 of 2 (translated by Lono)

"Don't you think you should give it a rest, already?"

It felt as if someone was speaking to her.

But who? The man next to me, I suppose. But I don't know who he is, and I can't discern his expression.

She strained her eyes, trying to see. He was terribly blurred. *Just who is he? Why is he sitting with me? I don't understand.*

"Who… are you, again?"

"Huuuh?" he drawled. "You're asking who I—"

"—And why are you sitting here…?"

"Now you're asking why? We came to this joint together."

"You came together… with who?"

"You. With you, Mary."

"Why?"

"…Yeah, someone's had too much to drink."

"Who did?"

"Well, you, of course."

"Is that right….?"

Mary sighed and lifted her cup. She brought the contents to her lips, but there were no contents.

A joint? What joint? What kind of place was it? Mary surveyed her surroundings. *Ah. It's a bar.*

A cramped and unfamiliar bar, with nothing but stools. She didn't know this place at all.

Mary pushed her empty glass to the side, in front of who was probably the barman. She was about to call for another glass when the man held her wrist.

“Stop it already.”

“Leave me alone,” she snapped.

“As if I can. Do you even know how much you drank?”

“Maybe not. What does it matter…?”

“Don’t give me that,” he said. Somehow, he looked fed up with something.

Why do I have to deal with someone I don’t even know, scowling at me? This is ludicrous.

“…Fine, have it your way.”

Mary stood up from her chair, staggering. The man moved to support her, but she shook him off.

“Don’t touch me!”

“You were about to fall over.”

“So what…?” said Mary. “You have a problem… with people falling over…?”

“Anyone would have a problem with that,” he argued.

“Don’t say that…”

“Say what?”

“Your… opinion…” she said. “I couldn’t give a damn…”

I don’t know what I was trying to say, let alone what I actually did say. Whatever. It doesn’t really matter.

Mary left the bar.

When she awoke, she was somewhere unrecognizable. A dark and unknown street.

“…Eh?”

My staff is gone. Did I mislay it? Where? She couldn’t even begin to guess.

“Hey, are you alright?!”

Who is it? The man from before. What‘s he doing here? Why is he following me?

“The hell do you want….?”

“Huh!” he exclaimed. “Is that how you talk to someone who foots your tab?”

“My tab…? What do you mean?”

“Your booze tab. You didn’t pay, did you? I had to take it all on myself, Mary.”

“Why do you know my name…?”

“You told me, obviously.”

“I… you paid…”

Mary hadn't a firm grasp of things, but she didn't want to get caught up in whatever nonsense this was. She tried to retrieve her money. If she handed it to him, he would probably be satisfied.

But her hands shook, and her legs; she couldn't remain standing. She was just about to fall when he propped her up in his arms.

"That's not what this is about, Mary. I'm not telling you to pay me back."

"Let go of me…"

"No."

"Let *go of me*—"

Mary tried to free herself from the man's arms, but she couldn't budge him.

He embraced her still tighter and drew his face closer to hers, but she pushed it away by the chin.

"Listen to me, you—!"

"Quiet, you dumb bitch! After all of this, you really think I'll let you go? Don't forget, you *wanted* this!"

"What? Wanted what?!"

"You were feeling down, so you came to me for a good time! Didn't you?! Any fool could tell that much!"

"A good time…?"

What is this man talking about? I understand nothing. A "good time"? I am not in the mood for a "good time". What really happened? What exactly could this fool tell?

A chill passed over Mary's heart.

"I… what exactly did we talk about?"

"Huh?! You told me your name and, oh, what else… well, it wasn't much of a talk…"

"Oh, good…"

She felt relief from the bottom of her heart. It would have been horrible had she confided anything in this man.

No matter how drunk she was… and Mary was certainly drunk. Not any run-of-the-mill drunkenness either. Mary was considerably drunk, extraordinarily drunk… she was hammered, far beyond belief.

This is bad. With myself in this condition, in this situation, I am without a doubt in danger. I have to get out of here.

"Mmph!" Mary head-butted the man with everything she had.

He recoiled and cried out in surprise, but he still didn't release her.

"You *bitch*! That's it, no more playing nice!"

"AAAHHH—"

Mary felt herself hoisted up. Her feet were no longer in contact with the floor. She thrashed around but the man's

grip did not budge. What did he want? It seemed he had an aim to take her somewhere. In the darkness, Mary couldn't see very clearly, but she could see he was ferrying her into a narrow alley. She tried to yell out for help. He slapped a hand atop her mouth. Mary bit down.

The man yelped and threw Mary to the floor. Mary felt the collision bang at her waist and again at her skull.

"Owww…"

Her vision blurred and twisted. She had to escape. She tried to crawl away, but the man caught her by the waist, and pulled her close again. He forced her onto her back. Mary was pinned, and once again she felt a hand clasped against her mouth.

Was he going to…

Right here, right in this place?

Not happening. Go to hell. Mary sent her knee straight into the man's crotch.

"Get *off*…!"

"Hngh…?! Dammit! This little…!"

A fist smashed into her face, and for a moment, Mary's consciousness flickered.

When she came back to her senses, her priest outfit was already half removed.

Maybe this is it, Mary thought. *Maybe this is my punishment.*

She had let him die.

Yet again, she had let a teammate die.

Even though she was a priest.

Even though she was supposed to protect her companions. That was her one, her only job.

She had one job and she failed.

She couldn't even claim that she failed despite trying her best. No, she had slipped.

Mary had slipped fatally.

[LIGHT OF PROTECTION].

It was a light spell that enhanced an ally's physical abilities, defenses, and natural healing rate. For a priest that was no longer a beginner at her craft, it was also the most basic of spells. Most of all, its magic could never be allowed to expire in the midst of battle. Even sliver-sized differences could mean life and death on the battlefield. So when [LIGHT OF PROTECTION]'s effects ended after around thirty minutes, it was the priest's duty to recast it without a moment's delay. This duty had to be engraved into a priest's very soul. It was a duty that should never, ever, ever be forgotten. And yet…

"Just give it up already. Stop struggling…!"

The man let out a brutish chuckle and tugged on Mary's clothes. She could hear the stitching rip apart.

"It's not like this is your first time anyway, right?! Just take it easy and have some fun!"

“You really think she’ll have fun like that?”

The voice of a second man was heard, and the thug turned around.

“Huh…?”

“I apologize in advance, but I don’t think I can go easy on you.”

“Wha—”

“Hyah!”

The brute toppled, landing right on top of Mary, but the other man helped Mary peel him off.

“… Eh?”

What in the world was happening?

Someone had saved her, but why? Who was it?

“You okay? Can you stand?”

Mary didn’t respond to the question. He sighed and scratched his head.

“Look… I’m not suspicious, really. Honest. Your clothes okay and everything?” This new man’s tone was surprisingly blunt.

He had gotten her out of a tight spot; that, she couldn’t deny. What would have happened had he not appeared? Well, Mary could *imagine*, but…

Mary picked herself up off the ground and dusted herself off. There were a few tears on her sleeves, and plenty of dirt everywhere, but nothing else seemed very far out of order.

“… Sorry. And thank you.”

“No worries. Glad you’re okay, I guess.”

The area was dark and Mary couldn’t see the man’s face very clearly. But there was something about him… the voice, maybe? She felt she had heard it before… and there was also something about his proportions. He was really quite tall. Did Mary know this man from somewhere?

“Umm…” The man took half a step back. “Probably shouldn’t say anything to anyone. About this, I mean. Yeah, that’s probably for the best.”

This man probably also knew Mary, judging by his tone.

“… Who are you?”

“Me? Ah, I mean… my name’s Kuzak, but that probably doesn’t ring a bell…”

He was right. It didn’t. When Mary stood up, Kuzak began to back even further away. It seemed he refused to move within a certain distance of Mary. Perhaps to make clear that he wasn’t going to try anything.

Mary looked down at the thug from before. She didn’t know if Kuzak had punched or kicked him, but either way he was entirely passed out. She felt an urge to kick his body, but fought it down.

She walked out of the alleyway. Kuzak stood off to the side, still maintaining his distance.

With the moonlight now striking his face, Mary could see him clearly for the first time. She recognized him immediately.

“We were in the Green Storm Regiment back at Capomorti…”

“Ah. So you remember?”

“But, you…”

“I almost died back there, yeah.” Kuzak looked down at the ground. “But then I didn’t. Someone healed me, and the next thing I knew I was there all alone.”

“… I see.”

“Umm…”

“Yes?”

“Sorry. I wish I’d gotten here sooner. Actually, I’d been watching you guys a while. Since the two of you left. I felt curious, so I tailed you. That’s how it goes, I guess.”

“… I was in really bad shape back there, wasn’t I?”

“No. I mean, I was drinking too.”

“Kuzak.” Mary inclined her head. “Let me apologize once again. I’m sorry… and thank you.”

Kuzak stayed silent for a while.

“… Okay,” he said, after a long deliberation.

“Goodbye.”

Mary lifted her head and strode past him. Of course, she was still feeling the effects of the alcohol, the nausea. How much had she drunk? She couldn’t even remember that much. But it was surely too much. This was the first time in her life that she had drunk enough to affect her memory.

But she had wanted to abandon reason. She had wanted to ruin herself as much as she could.

If she could manage that, then she might feel better afterward. So maybe that was why she drowned herself in drink. Maybe that was why she didn’t tell the thug to leave when he sat himself next to her.

Kuzak had interfered. He had crossed personal boundaries to help her. But, what if the thug really had *done* something? Just thinking about it sent a chill down Mary’s spine. It disgusted her. She was never one for touching others or being touched. But this time, he had touched her, touched her everywhere. Groped her, felt her up. It was the worst. The absolute worst.

“Errgh…”

Mary suddenly had a strong urge to vomit, and she stopped in her tracks.

She wanted to vomit. But there was nothing inside her to vomit. So she could not. She squatted to the ground. It hurt. She wanted to die. She wanted to just fall apart and die right here.

But some people actually had died. Not just once, but twice. And for a useless priest, someone who had failed to protect a teammate not just once, but twice… for such a useless priest to sit, going on about dying herself… for this useless priest to even have it cross her mind…

"… There is nobody here worse than me," Mary murmured.

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(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

grimgarthetranslation.wordpress.com/level-4/chapters-0-5/chapter-5-this-sorry-mess/

9/4/2016

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LEVEL 4: **Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers**

Chapter 5: This Sorry Mess

(translated by NanoDesu. Also please see note [2] at the bottom!)

What time was it? Haruhiro knew it was in the dead of night, but he had no grasp on what time it was exactly.

But, they had already been here for quite a long while.

They were in Northern Altana, on Flower Park Road. [1] Why was it called Flower Park Road? Haruhiro had no idea. Maybe far in the past, at some point there had been a field of flowers here. Or something like that?

Flower Park Road extended all the way from the city marketplace, and there were inns lined up on both sides of the road as well as its side road. Near the road's entrance point, there were many tasteful inns meant for temporary dwellers. As you moved away from the marketplace along the road, you could see more and more big buildings spring up; expensive-looking inns that imprinted their proud majesty on their surroundings. But once you passed those, you would see more average looking inns, and then more so-so looking inns, until you got to the district outskirts and were treated to the sight of worn-down crumbling dwellings.

Haruhiro's group had just turned off Flower Park onto its side road, and were standing in front of a so-so looking inn.

At first, he had been standing, but at this point he was slumped down and leaning against the inn's outer wall. Haruhiro was, that is.

But *she* was still standing.

They were both completely silent. How long had it been since someone had said something? Haruhiro felt like it was quite a while back. He couldn't even remember what had been said back then. Neither *she* nor Haruhiro were really the type to start blabbing on and on in the midst of silence. Both of them were just too reserved for that, he supposed, or maybe too introverted.

Haruhiro was huddled over and holding one knee in his arms as he began to think. Were the two of them really so incompatible? Neither Haruhiro nor the other person gave each other any push nor pull. Nothing happened. Conversation was a moot point.

This was way too awkward. Haruhiro wished the other person would just say something. Anything, really. Whatever she said, he would try hard to follow up and maybe they could get a conversation going. But maybe *she* was thinking the exact same thing? Why was she just so silent this entire time? Maybe she really was waiting for him to say something?

Okay. Got it. I'll do it. I'll do this for you. Yeah, what's the harm in just giving it a go?

"Umm… hey, Shihoru?"

"… Y-Yes…?"

"How you holding up?"

"… I'm alright."

"Oh, okay."

"Yeah."

And that was that.

That was the end of the spark of conversation Haruhiro had exhausted so much effort to strike up.

What the hell was that? Give me a break. Come on, let's try a bit harder please. Communication is important. Really important, right?

Why was he here alone with Shihoru in the first place? Well, it wasn't technically a reason, but Haruhiro could recount the course of events that led to this. First, they needed to get in touch with Mary to settle all accounts and divvy up the spoils from the last operation. Ranta had somehow eaten too much and was rendered immobile (pigs must be flying today), while Yume was too funya-funya to be of much use (whatever that meant). Meanwhile, Shihoru seemed to be in decent health and also knew where Mary was staying, so they had left the inn together. Also, if memory served, Mary should be staying in a woman-only establishment, so it would be weird if Haruhiro just went to visit himself. Because of that, Haruhiro was definitely grateful that Shihoru had offered to tag along. But that was the only thing he was grateful for.

It wasn't that he didn't like Shihoru. But he would be lying to say she was his first choice to be alone with.

They just didn't make a great combo. They didn't mesh with each other. That was all. In other words, they weren't compatible.

Shihoru was probably feeling this just as much as Haruhiro was. And it wasn't like Haruhiro wanted this state of affairs to continue just because their personalities weren't very compatible, but Shihoru wasn't really trying to do much to lighten the atmosphere either. They had come to Mary's place, realized she wasn't there, gone to check at Sherry's Tavern, realized she wasn't there either, and then come back here to wait… this entire time, Shihoru had barely talked. Even when Haruhiro asked her something, she would respond with only a word or two. That was all. What kind of game was she playing exactly?

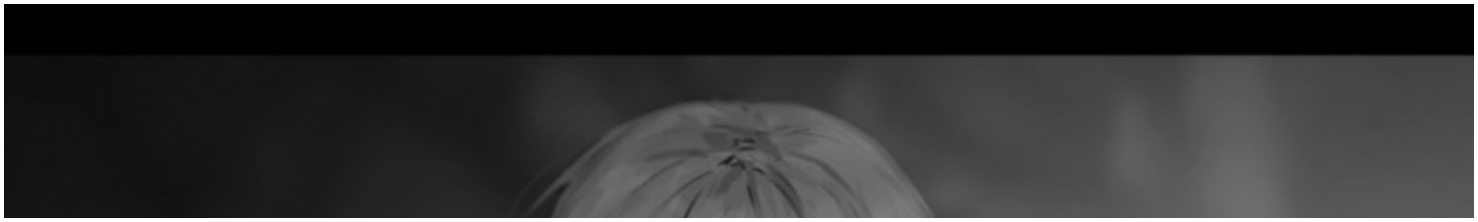
Sigh… Haruhiro heard a rush of breath.

Was she also feeling frustrated with all this? But later, Haruhiro would think that perhaps the frustration was what let her break the silence.

"I…" Shihoru began to speak in a quiet voice.

Haruhiro looked up at her. She was gripping her shoulders, trembling lightly.

"I… you know… I thought if I said this… you all would think I'm a horrible person… but I'm feeling just fine."



“Just fine…?” repeated Haruhiro.

“I’m… not feeling like all the others. I’m not… in as much shock as all of you, I guess…”

“Is that… so…?”

“It’s awful, right? I’m sure you think it’s awful… I think it is too. I guess for me… I’m less in shock that Mogzo died… but more in shock that I’m just not that sad about it… it’s depressing. Makes me think I’m a bad person…”

“That’s not…”

That’s not true, he wanted to counter, but could he really? Mogzo had died, but she wasn’t shocked? That was impossible. They were all companions, after all. They had stuck with each other through thick and thin. Mogzo was a precious, precious companion, the axis around which their party spun. Why wasn’t she in shock…?

But, it seemed that Shihoru herself didn’t know what to make of this. It would be natural for her to feel such intense sadness and feeling of loss here that her chest would be bursting at the seams, but she was confused that this was not the case. And she couldn’t forgive herself for feeling this way… she was in pain over it… ahh, he understood.

It was Manato.

This was only Haruhiro’s educated guess, but Shihoru was probably feeling this way because of what had happened to Manato.

Shihoru had likely been in love with Manato. And the person she had fallen head over heels for had died. Shihoru had most likely taken his death harder than anybody else. Of course, Shihoru also felt pain at Mogzo’s passing, but *it wasn’t as bad in comparison.*

She had become used to pain. Even if she hadn’t wanted to become used to it, it happened naturally.

That was what she’d had to do to continue moving on.

As long as you lived, these are the experiences you would continue to go through. Again and again and again.

If you got knocked down every time something like that happened and found it hard to stand back up again, then going on with life would become very difficult.

To be honest… to be honest, even Haruhiro wasn’t as utterly dumbfounded now as he’d been right after Mogzo had died. That didn’t mean everything was going swell, but he could at least try to move forward. And he hoped everyone else was trying to do the same. Not doing that would be doing a disservice to Mogzo’s memory. If only they could use their companion’s death and change it into a renewed will to live, then…

Haruhiro was trying to live. Call him greedy or stubborn, but he wanted to keep living.

Shihoru was probably the same. Manato’s death had made her strong. And she was now using her strength to try to live onwards.

“I don’t think you’re horrible. Or a bad person. I’m really glad you came with me actually, that you’re here with me. That’s what I really think.”

Shihoru looked like she wanted to say something, but then she shut her mouth and averted her gaze. Her shoulders started trembling slightly again. She might’ve been trying to hold back tears. After a bit of time, Shihoru sniffled once.

“… I’m also really glad you’re here, Haruhiro. That’s… what *I* really think.”

“Oh, that’s… thanks. And I mean, how you feel about Mogzo… I mean, at least you’re not saying ‘good riddance’ or

something…”

Haruhiro held his head in his hands. He felt incredibly embarrassed. And then felt a sense of guilt at how embarrassed he felt. To be honest, at this point, whenever he had a nice meal, or a good drink, or a restful night of sleep, Haruhiro felt an urge to apologize to Mogzo. Even though apologizing wouldn’t accomplish anything.

Eventually, this prickling pain in his chest would probably go away, too.

He would get used to the pain.

He wanted to live. And he would get used to the pain in order to do so.

“Mary sure is late. I wonder where she went off to,” said Haruhiro.

“… I guess in the end, I don’t know much about her either, so…”

“Yeah, I guess that’s true. But I’m a guy, so it’s not like you can expect me to get close to her…”

“… But just because we’re both girls doesn’t mean I can get close to Mary either…”

“Really?”

“I’m… well, the way my personality is… if I were more perky like Yume, then things might be different, but…”

“Nah. It’s not like it’s about just being perky. Well, Yume… I guess it does feel like she can get along with anyone. Anyone except Ranta, that is.”

“… Ranta might be an exception to the rule.”

“That guy is an idiot. Seriously. He ate too much? What the hell is that? Ugh.”

“… He was eating sorruz, wasn’t he?”

“Huh?”

“This is just a guess, but… he probably was trying to eat enough for Mogzo too…”

“Ahh…”

Haruhiro idly tampered with a lock of his hair. *I see. That was it.* He hadn’t understood anything. Hadn’t seen anything. So that was Ranta’s own way of paying respects to the dead… Haruhiro let out a small chuckle. His chest throbbed for a moment.

“Yeah, I really don’t think you’re a bad person at all, Shihoru. I think it’s amazing how much you understand about all of us.”

Shihoru shook her head from side to side and then squatted to the floor. “Mary…” she managed to say. “I think Mary is taking this harder than anyone… since she’s the priest…”

Haruhiro nodded. He at least could infer that much himself.

After all, this was the *second time* this had happened.

Mary had lost companions before. Multiple companions. Since then, she had become consumed with self-blame, and was no longer the Mary she was in the past.

After she teamed up with Haruhiro and the others, Mary had begun to occasionally smile again. But then… just as that was happening, she lost a companion once again. And she was the priest of the party. In other words, she was the one who took responsibility for keeping everyone in the party alive. So it wouldn't be out of the question for her to blame everything on herself; to believe that she was the one at fault here.

This might be a bit presumptuous for him to think, but honestly Haruhiro was worried about Mary the most.

"… I hope she's not getting any strange ideas right now…"

The minute he said that though, he felt a heavy sense of worry.

That's why, the minute he heard footsteps, and looked up to see someone wearing white clothes coming towards them, he felt an intense weight lift off him.

"Mary."

"… Why."

That was all Mary said before she turned away.

"Eh…? Hey, Mary, don't run—?!"

"H-Haruhiro, we have to chase her!"

"Ah, yeah!"

Haruhiro thanked the heavens that Mary wasn't moving very fast. Actually… she didn't seem very steady at all, and rather than running it was more that she was wobbling back and forth while somehow still moving forward.

When Haruhiro caught up to her and clapped a hand on her shoulder, Mary shook the hand off but no longer tried to run. Even if she did, she probably wouldn't be able to get away. Mary turned her back towards Haruhiro and Shihoru and almost toppled to the ground.

"… What? What do you want?"

"There were… a few things. But uhh… Mary, have you been drinking…?"

"Problem with that?"

"Ah, not really, but…"

"… Leave me alone. Just go."

"We… can't leave you alone," said Shihoru, squatting next to Mary. "… That's… we definitely can't do that."

"… Why?"

"We're worried about you… seeing you like this… we can't just watch that happen and look the other way."

"… I had no wish to be seen. Not in a place like this. Why are you here?"

"We… we came here to see you."

"I… desired no such thing."

"But we want to see you."

“… I desired absolutely none of this!”

Mary was still fairly articulate, but it was clear she was quite drunk. She probably didn’t want to be seen in that state. And who would? Haruhiro didn’t want to see Mary like this either. Maybe they shouldn’t have come. But it was too late to go back. They couldn’t unsee what was already seen.

“Mary.”

“… What do you want?”

“Could you meet us in front of the North Gate at eight tomorrow morning? If you’re feeling up for it, I mean… with yourself like this.”

Haruhiro waited a bit. But Mary didn’t respond. Didn’t utter a single word. Instead, she stood up and began to walk. It seemed like she wanted to go back to her inn.

Shihoru began to chase after Mary, but Haruhiro stopped her and called out at Mary’s shrinking form.

“We’re not done yet. You can stand still for a moment if you want, but we have no choice but to move forward.”

Mary didn’t answer as she went back into her inn.

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[1]: In previous chapters, “Flower Park” Road was translated as “Kaen” Road, familiar to Grimgar readers and often featured in the previous books. For now, future releases will also say “Kaen”, but we’ll consider changing it throughout volume 4 and all previous volumes to “Flower Park”.

[2]: In the previous chapter, some readers might have noticed a mistake, which has since been fixed, which incorrectly said that Mary only had two companions die. It’s supposed to say she had companions die twice.

Today’s was a *double* release, so Ch 6 comes out Sept 18.

(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

grimgarthetranslation.wordpress.com/level-4/chapters-6-10/chapter-6-unsteady-but/

9/18/2016

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LEVEL 4: **Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers**

Chapter 6: Unsteady, but…

(Part 1 of 2, translated by NanoDesu.)

The next morning (or maybe it's better to say the morning of the same day), Haruhiro and the others waited at the North Gate until the clock bell chimed at ten o'clock, but Mary was nowhere to be found.

The next day, they waited for two hours, but Mary never came. Ranta loudly proposed that they should launch an attack on Mary's inn, but Haruhiro and Shihoru strongly opposed the idea. Yume was still a bit funya-funya, but she had gotten better.

And then, the third day came.

Haruhiro and the others arrived at North Gate before the eight o'clock bell rang.

"Oh…" Ranta let out a breath.

Shihoru sucked in a breath.

"Unyaa," went Yume.

Haruhiro let just a glimmer of a smile show on his face before covering his mouth with a hand. He still felt a dull pain in his chest every time he smiled.

One girl wearing priest clothes was standing in front of the North Gate, leaning on a short staff. She was looking down at the ground, almost as if she was busy counting her toes. She wasn't a very small girl, but at that moment she seemed quite small for some reason.

"Mary."

When Haruhiro called out to her, Mary lifted her head and looked in his direction. And then she looked right back down. Or maybe she was trying to give him a nod of acknowledgment.

But either way, it was fine.

Indeed, it didn't matter. Mary had come. Nobody was forcing her. And Haruhiro hadn't resorted to begging either. Mary had come here of her own free will.

Haruhiro and the others walked over until they were next to Mary. Shihoru was the first to walk up to Mary, and she just silently gripped Mary's hand in her own. Mary didn't show any signs of resistance.

Yume suddenly threw her arms around Mary.

“Kyah?!”

And Mary was completely caught off guard by that. Well, Haruhiro was surprised too, so he couldn’t blame her.

“Sorry, Mary.” Yume hugged Mary as tight as she could, rubbing her own cheeks all over Mary’s cheeks and neck like a fawning kitten. “Really really, I’m sorry.”

“Eh? S-Sorry about what…?”

“Sorry for leavin’ you alone. Yume always had Shihoru right there next to her, but Mary was always by herself. And at a time like this. Sorry. Yume won’t leave you alone anymore, so please forgive her. Yume’ll always be with you from now on.”

“I… I…”

Mary’s eyes darted around desperately. Initially, Haruhiro thought that she must’ve just been flustered, but it seemed that initial impression was wrong. Mary’s face was completely red. All the way to the tips of her ears. And she was gritting her teeth. Like she was holding something in. Holding something in with all her might.

Could it be that she was holding back tears…?

“I…”

“S’ okay now. Go ahead, say whatever you want. But Yume’s made up her mind. Yume won’t leave Mary alone anymore. So Yume is going to start staying at the same place Mary is at. That’s been decided. Shihoru is coming too.”

Haruhiro glanced at Shihoru. “… Is that so?”

“I… guess…?” Shihoru gave me a complicated look that was awkwardly somewhere in between a strained smile and an expression of bewilderment. “I guess… last night… we talked about something like that? It’s all a bit hazy though…”

“Hazy, huh…?”

“Oh?” Ranta scratched his nose with his thumb. “Well I guess there’s no point in arguing about it anymore. I’m gonna go rent a place over there too!”

“Not happening.” Mary did a 180 and sent Ranta a cold glare. “The inn I stay at is supposed to be for females only.”

“W-What?! B-But, can’t we… also, you said ‘supposed to,’ right?! That means they can make exceptions, right?! I’m a super special person anyways so of course I can be the exception, right?!”

“The only exception they make is for small children. So if you lived there with your parents, it would be fine.”

“Awesome! Okay, Mary, from today on I’m gonna be your son! I guess it might be hard to pass for your real son, so I can be adopted! Got it?! Now there’s no problem anymore, right?!”

“Pretty sure the problems just multiplied…”

“Shut up, Parupiro! Nobody’s asking the likes of you for any input here! Okay, Mary, from today on you’re my mama!

Looking forward to it, mama!”

Mary continued to stroke Yume’s back as she let out a sigh. “Maybe I should just go back…”

“No no no!” Yume hugged Mary even tighter. “Don’t go back, Mary! You don’t have to listen to anything stupid Ranta has to say! Don’t listen to anything that twitty twit dimwit has to say!”

“Who the hell are you calling a twit, you flat-chested loser?!”

“Don’t call Yume flat!”

“But that’s what you are, so what do you want me to do?!”

“Yume’s breasts are waaaaaaay bigger than Ranta’s! Forever and ever!”

“I’m a guy, dammit! And it’s not like this was ever a breast size contest in the first place!”

“Okay, what size do you want to compare then?!”

“Hahh?! Well, I mean…” Ranta glanced down at his crotch before looking at Haruhiro. “…… Right?”

“Hey, don’t look at me…”

“Funyuu~?” Yume cocked her head to the side.

“… Excuse me…” Mary began to squirm around in Yume’s tight embrace. “I will not go back. So can you please let me go…?”

“Nyah?! Does it hurt! Sorry sorry… sometimes Yume doesn’t remember her own strength. Yume’s arms are coming along quite nicely, you see, and Yume was talking to Shihoru about how she might get a six pack soon too. And then Shihoru said, you see, she said maybe when Yume’s chest muscles come in, her breasts’ll get bigger too!”

“… Y-Yume. Just stop it with all that…”

“Nueh? Why?”

“It’s not something we should be talking about in front of the guys…”

“Really?”

“Hah.” Ranta chuckled. “See, Yume? You don’t have a shred of class!”

“Well, you’re crass, too, Ranta!”

“What’s that got to do with it? Besides, I said *class*, not crass!”

Ugh, it seems things were getting a bit lively now. Haruhiro scratched himself a bit on the neck. But to be honest, because of Ranta and Yume’s antics, the mood had lightened considerably.

(Part 2 of 2, translated by Lono.)

First Haruhiro had a businesslike talk with Mary, and after that they decided to go to the Crimson Moon headquarters for the sake of dealing with the procedures. With that finished, they went to Yorozu’s Bank to trade the bounty bank note into actual cash; a whole 60 gold, which, needless to say, they would divide evenly. They also thought it would be a good idea to deposit The Chopper while they were there.

“—Then, about what we are going to do now.” Haruhiro tried to speak as light-heartedly as possible. They were already facing a harsh reality, and everyone was feeling devastated; there was no need to make things even gloomier.

“I have been doing some thinking on my own. How about we try going to Damroww for now?”

Yume gave a rough “Uooh,” breath and then continued “Been so long.”

“Heh,” Ranta crossed his arms and frowned “As I am now they wouldn’t be very worthy opponents.”

“… You mean, because you can’t handle them…”

“Hm? Did you say something, Shihoru?”

“It was nothing… don’t worry… there’s no cure for idiocy…”

“Hey! I totally heard that one, you know?!”

“Damroww…” Mary casted her eyes down.

“We are originally goblin slayers after all.”

Haruhiro tried to say that in a joking way, but Mary’s expression didn’t brighten up. *Guess it’s impossible so soon. It will take some time. Yeah, let’s go step by step. Hurrying won’t do any good.*

“Lately we have visited the Siren Mines and got used to fighting kobolds, but in the end we still need to go down until at least the third strata. I think it’s dangerous after all. We’re too complacent there now, and we know almost every nook and corner of Damroww’s Old Town. If we choose the location carefully and don’t push ourselves, I don’t think it will be too dangerous.”

“Always having that negative way of thinking eh, Haruhiro.” Ranta shrugged. “Isn’t it fine? I don’t think it’s a bad idea for now.”

“…For Ranta not to complain…”

“The hell you think I am, Shihoru? I have always been a fair and just man, you know? Good things are good! Bad things are bad! I say what I want to say! I do what I want to do! In other words, I am the man among men!”

“Sure, sure.”

“Haruhiro! No, Parupiro! Don’t you try to sweep that under the rug!”

“I would much rather sweep you under the rug.”

“Bring it on! Just try and sweep me! Just try and think of sweeping me! If you think you can sweep this great Ranta here then go right ahead, you shit!”

“No thanks. Sounds like a chore.”

“Boing!”

Ranta stiffened up his entire body and started hopping up and down. Maybe he was trying to get a laugh with those weird movements, but there wasn’t even a single chuckle. However, Ranta didn’t give up and repeated it over and over.

“Boing! Boing! Boinnnggg!”

He kept doing it without getting any laughs. In fact, everyone was getting more and more bored. It was impressive how his spirit wouldn't break. Ranta then started making weird faces while doing the Boing jump.

"Haah…" Yume sighed, shaking her head in extreme exasperation.

Mary was somehow giving Ranta a sad look.

Shihoru's body shivered to her very bones. "…Disgusting."

"Boing! Boing! Boing-boing-boing!"

Ranta seemed happy. *To get happy from making people disgusted with you… is he a masochist? Either way, Shihoru is really playing along with Ranta today. She is probably thinking about a lot in her own way.*

Haruhiro ignored Ranta and looked at the girls.

"Any other comments?"

"Yume thinks that's okaaay."

"…I also think it's a good idea."

"Me too." Mary put her hand over her chest and let out a small sigh. "—I think that's for the best."

It won't be like last time. For sure. Haruhiro and the others had already lost something they shouldn't have. *There's nobody who will ever be able to replace Mogzo. Nowhere in this world. Someone like that simply doesn't exist.*

A big hole had been drilled inside and between them. A hole so big that they would probably never be able to fill it.

Then… just… just what are they supposed to do?

Right now Haruhiro didn't know. But not knowing didn't mean it was fine to just stay like that. If he didn't know the answer, he had to look for it, search for it, and then find it.

Haruhiro gave an affirmative nod.

"Let's go."

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(NanoDesu) A Translation of the Hai to Gensou no Grimgar Light Novel

grimgarthetranslation.wordpress.com/level-4/chapters-6-10/chapter-7-past-glory-lost/

10/5/2016

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LEVEL 4: **Chapters of the Chosen and Choosers**

Chapter 7: Past Glory Lost

Part 1 of 4 (translated by Lono)

Look for it.

Find it no matter what.

In this situation, with how we are now, there must be some way we can pull this off.

Of course he hadn't dared to think it would all go well from the very start. It couldn't be that simple.

Even so, to think that it would be this bad…

"—ku! Ranta…! Don't back off…!"

Haruhiro was trying to get a grasp of the situation while parrying the attacks of goblin A with [SWAT].

Goblin A was wearing a leather helmet and chainmail armor, and was armed with a short sword and a small shield, but it wasn't like it had an orc's big body, nor were its blows as heavy. Even fighting it one-on-one wasn't that hard; the problem was Ranta.

"It's not like I'm backing off…!"

Ranta yelled "[PROPEL LEAP]….!" to retreat in a hurry. Goblin B was drawn in and gave chase.

Without a moment's delay he attacked the approaching goblin with his long sword.

"Eat this! [JUKE STAB]…!"

However, thanks to its good physique, the heavily armed goblin managed to avoid Ranta's sword by a hair's breadth. Well, even if he'd landed the attack between the neck and shoulder of the armor, a blow of that caliber wouldn't have dealt much damage. Goblin B didn't falter and closed the distance between them. Ranta slashed his long sword at Goblin B's blade,

"[EXPEL FRENZY]…!"

And immediately knocked the goblin's sword down. It was all going fine, but then—

"Kiran! Got you! [HATRED'S CU…]!"

Ranta stepped in aggressively and performed a full body slash, landing a perfect strike on top of Goblin B's left shoulder. However, *it wasn't enough.* It was the armor. The armor was so strong, Ranta's long sword failed to penetrate, leaving only a dent.

“You’re being too aggressive…!” Haruhiro complained while still parrying Goblin A’s sword.

“Shut it!” Ranta yelled back. He then showered Goblin B with attacks.

“Orya orya orya orya orya….! Ura ura ura ura ura ura ura…!”

Though Goblin B was recoiling, Haruhiro could see it was somehow fending off the swings.

That’s why a brute force approach is impossible. Do you understand, Ranta?

“You bastard—”

Because you aren’t Mogzo.

Haruhiro almost said as much, but he swallowed his words. That was something he shouldn’t say. Because Ranta was doing his best in his own way. He had tried to take on the tank role of the party, and from the beginning of the battle, plunged himself right into the middle of the enemies.

But unlike Mogzo, Ranta was never the type to hold position and continually exchange blows with the opponent.

To begin with, the core of the Dread Knight’s fighting style was to make use of its mobility to lead opponents around by the nose, confusing them. Moving around was inevitable. If he didn’t do that, he wouldn’t be able to use his real strength. *Ranta wasn’t like that.* He wasn’t a tank. Haruhiro and the others would have to change the very basics of their strategy. But what would their new tactic be…?

“Oh…”

Haruhiro tried to [SWAT] the Goblin’s sword, but his hand slipped. *The goblin will break through. This is bad—*

“Tsuaaa…!”

Mary. Mary rushed in aiming her short staff at Goblin A. The goblin was sent flying despite blocking with his shield.

“Are you preoccupied with something…!?”

“S-sorry, Mary!”

“Focus!”

While answering yes in his mind, Haruhiro attacked Goblin A. Pretended to attack, to be exact. As soon as Goblin A turned to counter attack, Haruhiro switched to [SWAT]. He somehow managed to connect [SWAT] with [ARREST] and tried to incapacitate Goblin A, but it didn’t look like it would work.

Goblins are a bit too small. I’ve never used [ARREST] against a goblin. What’s up with this? Damnit. I was able to kill an orc, and happily lose my virginity, but I can’t defeat a single goblin facing him fair and square? I’m too weak. But I know. I know well enough that I’m too weak.

“Oom rel eckt nem das….!”

Shihoru used her magic, [SHADOW BIND]to shoot a shadow elemental at the ground. It attached itself near the right foot of Goblin C, which had locked blades with Yume.

Nice, Shihoru.

Goblin C panicked and planted its left foot, trying to pull its other foot away, but the shadow elemental clung tightly and didn’t let go.

“Funya!”

Yume jumped at Goblin C, and showered it with a combo of [SWEEPING SLASH] and [CROSS CUT]. However, Goblin C was wearing chainmail in addition to its hatchet-like weapon, so it didn’t suffer a fatal wound. Even so, its shoulders, arms and torso were hit with the kukri’s full strength, so they should be in quite a lot of pain.

Goblin C began to randomly swing its hatchet. It must have been really desperate, but Yume pulled back.

If Yume took a hit from that with just her leather armor, it would be bad.

“Yume…!”

She briefly glanced in Haruhiro’s direction, and seemed to understand just from being called.

Yume is coming here.

Parrying Goblin A’s sword with [SWAT] once more, Haruhiro dashed away. Goblin A tried to keep up with him, but Yume took over and stopped it.

Goblin C’s right foot was still affected by [SWADOW BIND]. It noticed Haruhiro coming and tried turning around to face him, but was too slow. Or rather, because it couldn’t freely use its legs, it couldn’t move or turn around. Of course, taking someone like that from behind would be easy.

Haruhiro circled around to Goblin C’s rear and leapt in. He immediately pinned the goblin’s arms behind its back and slit its throat in one go with his dagger. After Haruhiro pulled away, Goblin C’s knees bent and audibly hit the ground. His right foot was still fixed to the ground, so it didn’t collapse completely.

“—Alright! Finally got one….!”

Part 2 of 4 (translated by Lono)

Yume was fighting Goblin A, and Ranta Goblin B. Haruhiro could target either of the goblins’ backs. *Should I go for A, or B?*

Goblin B is protected by decent-looking armor, and dealing with that will probably be troublesome. Guess I’ll start by getting rid of Goblin A.

Haruhiro had barely started running when he felt a dull impact on his left flank. It felt like he’d been kicked.

“Urgh…?”

Looking down, he found an arrow sticking out of his left side. *What… is this?*

“Why—From where…!?”

He was more surprised than in pain. At the moment anyway.

Haruhiro looked around. *Judging from its trajectory—There. To the left, a little bit behind. It looks like a mostly crumbled wall. It’s a little too small to hide a person’s body, but for a goblin…*

“They have reinforcements…!”

“Haru, healing!” Mary tried to run towards Haruhiro.

“Don’t!”

Haruhiro shook his head and ran towards the wall. “Mary, Shihoru…!”

There was a chance the enemy could target Shihoru while Mary was healing Haruhiro. There was also the possibility of Mary being shot by an arrow. That would be catastrophic.

“Ku…!”

Of course, running makes my side hurt a lot. But not so much that I can’t move. It’s still tolerable.

To begin with, could Haruhiro even do anything, going there alone? Hard to say. However, he felt that being treated by Mary right now wasn’t a good idea. If he were in their place, he would definitely make use of that opening. Goblins were smaller than humans, but they were by no means stupid.

Haruhiro came to a stop on the other side of the wall.

“—It’s not here…!?” Haruhiro yelled, astonished. Suddenly an arrow came flying from his right. He managed to duck at the last second, dodging it by a hair’s breadth.

About seven or eight meters from where he was, Haruhiro could see Goblin D holding a short bow, half hidden behind a pile of rubble. Goblin D had probably anticipated that Haruhiro would rush to find it and moved there from its previous location. *Really… they aren’t stupid at all.*

“But I won’t let you run away anymore…!”

Goblin D tried to nock another arrow, but from that distance, Haruhiro could not only know the timing of the shot, but could also grasp where it would be aimed. Even if the goblin did release the arrow, he would be able to dodge it. Or at least he should have been able to.

He felt dizzy.

His heartbeat was weird. It sounded like violent stomping. It was pounding like crazy.

Goblin D shot its arrow. Needless to say, Haruhiro tried to dodge. However, his movements were a little— just a little —different from what he expected.

The arrow pierced his chest, near his left shoulder, and Haruhiro fell backwards. *Uwa. I ended up taking a second one.*

“It’s a poisonous arrow…!” yelled Haruhiro, mustering up all the voice he could.

Goblin D threw its bow aside, pulled out a small sword, and went flying at Haruhiro.

What should I do? [SWAT] it? Is that possible? Definitely not.

Goblin D pushed Haruhiro down and straddled him. It then tried to stab his face with its small sword. He didn’t know if he’d dropped his dagger or something, but it seemed he was no longer holding it. He could only try to protect his face using his arms. His arms and his hands; Goblin D’s small sword vigorously pierced them again and again. Haruhiro was desperate. He wasn’t supposed to have time to think about unnecessary stuff, and yet, the words *‘I screwed up’* still crossed his mind.

Maybe he shouldn’t have gone there himself. Maybe he should have left it to Yume. But his mind hadn’t thought that far. Though that might just be hindsight. The outcome. *This is the outcome huh? So disappointing. Guess this is what happens when you make a mistake. But to get killed by a goblin… No, no, no, no. It’s not like that has already been decided. Not at all. Yeah, that’s right.* Goblin D kept swinging his small sword down. The bone in Haruhiro’s right arm was able to brush the blade aside. Rather than letting his flesh be cut to sever the opponent’s bone, he left

his flesh be cut to *block* with his bone.[1]

“Oom rel eckt vel dash…!”

Huh? Magic? Is it Shihoru? Yes, it is. Shihoru performed a thrusting movement with her staff in Goblin D’s direction and shot a [SHADOW ECHO] at point-blank range. It flew through the air with its characteristic voash! sound and Goblin D’s head snapped back as it began convulsing. The black seaweed-like shadow elemental hit Goblin D right in the side of the face.

Shihoru wasn’t that only one who came to help Haruhiro.

“Haa…!”

Mary hit Goblin D with her short staff.

Goblin D was blown off its feet, but quickly got up again. It ran. It retrieved its bow and tried to run away. Shihoru pointed her staff at its back.

“Oom rel eckt vel dash…!”

Another [SHADOW ECHO]. However, Goblin D quickly leapt for cover and managed to avoid the shadow elemental.

Though it depended on the area, Damroww’s Old Town had a quite a lot of debris from ruined walls and buildings scattered around. This area was especially bad. *Why did we choose this place for hunting? Maybe that was our first mistake.*

“Fu… hah… fu… fu…”

Such ragged breathing. Who is that? Me, huh. It was Haruhiro himself. Haruhiro was lying flat on his back.

I can see the sky. Mary’s face too. The arrow was pulled out. *—Aaaaaah… it hurts.*

“I will start by detoxifying…!”

Haruhiro nodded. *I wonder if she’ll manage. It would be nice if I didn’t die.* Haruhiro thought, as though it was someone else’s problem.

“O light, under the divine grace of Lord Luminous… [PURIFY]!”

Detoxification. Guess it’s poison cleanser. I wonder if the poison was removed with that. I’m not so sure. Yume, Ranta… would they be alright? The Goblin who escaped was.

“Haru! Pull yourself together! O light, under the divine grace of Lord Luminous… [CURE]…!”

Pull… Pull myself… Together. Umm. I got it. I got it, Mary. That’s right. As unsightly as this is. It’s completely lame. But there’s no way I can let myself die. I won’t die. If you die, that’s it. And not only me. My friends too. Everyone.

It’s starting to feel better.

Magic sure is amazing.

“How is it going there…!?” Ranta yelled from somewhere.

“Oook!” replied Yume from some distance.

Those two… What are they doing?

Shihoru stood by Mary's side while she treated Haruhiro. His eyes met Shihoru's.

"…Shihoru, what about the enemy?"

"Only one was able to run, we still…"

"I see."

So they were able to deal with them afterwards. Ranta, Yume and Shihoru sure did their best.

Haruhiro closed his eyes and laughed.

"… Just what the hell am I doing?"

Part 3 of 4 (translated by Lono)

He instantly regretted voicing that. Both Shihoru and Mary reacted badly, and Haruhiro felt even more ashamed.

It seemed like the treatment was finished, so Haruhiro opened his eyes and got up. He was about to thank Mary when Ranta suddenly popped up.

"You fucking idiot! The hell are you doing dropping dead like that!? You got done in by a freaking goblin! How much of a blockhead can you be!? That's even lower than shit, you damn Haruzero!"

"…I can't really explain myself."

Was it really necessary to bash me that much? Well, I guess just this once I did deserve a bashing.

I really did it this time.

And worse, I had to screw up today of all days.

The day of the party's restart. It was a big day. There could be no mistakes. That's why they chose this place. Damroww's Old Town. The place where they'd previously earned the title of goblin slayers. It might have been a somewhat mocking title, given to them ninety percent from teasing and ten percent from accomplishment, but that was just how often Haruhiro and his team had frequented Damroww's Old Town. Maybe it was because they had murdered way too many goblins, but the goblins' security had become tighter, so many people had moved their hunting grounds to the Siren Mines. However, this was a place they were thoroughly familiar with. Maybe even with a party like this, they would still be able to win here, even after losing one of their pillars—no, their central pillar, Mogzo.

Had they been careless? Maybe so. Maybe not. Frankly, Haruhiro didn't know. He wasn't able to make a levelheaded judgment.

"What should we do about the goblin who ran away!?" Yume yelled from a distance.

"Forget about it already! It went somewhere else, right!? It probably won't show its face again!"

"…Isn't thinking like that too easy-going…?"

"Haaah!? Did you say something, Shihoru!?"

"I said, isn't thinking like that too easy-going?… didn't you listen…?"

"What d'ya mean by that? You saying I'm being thoughtless?"

“…To put it simply, you could say that.”

“You’re actin’ pretty defiant, huh? If you’re gonna defy me, you’d better be prepared.”

“…Don’t threaten people.”

“I’m not threatening anyone. You spewed some cheeky shit and I got pissed, that’s all.”

“…I don’t think that’s any excuse, though.”

“Why the hell do I need to make excuses? Don’t screw around. Even my big heart has its limits. You better stop—”

“HEEEEEYY…!”

Yume dashed in and hit Ranta in the head with a small thud.

“Ouch! Yume you bitch! The fuck you cuffing me for…!?”

“Yume doesn’t get what coffeeing is! Don’t say weird things!”

“What‘s weird here is you! Completely and thoroughly, get it!?”

“Shut up, moron!” Yume hugged Shihoru. “You were bullyin’ Shihoru! What’re you doin’ when you’re just a scumbag Ranta! Yume’s gonna beat you up, idiot!”

“I-I wasn’t bullying her! We were just exchanging some ideas!”

“…No matter how you look at it, that wasn’t the case.” Shihoru muttered.

Ranta glared at Shihoru and clicked his tongue. “If there’s something annoying you, then spit it out! That shit gets on my nerves!”

Part 4 of 4 (translated by Lono)

Mary was about to open her mouth, but instead cast her eyes down and briefly glanced at her left wrist. A shinning hexagram floated there. Proof that [LIGHT OF PROTECTION] was still in effect.

Now that I think about it, Mary’s been checking on the hexagram quite frequently. And thinking even further, she’s using a short staff now. I wonder what happened to the weapon she was using before. —No no. This isn’t the time to be thinking about stuff like that, right? But… what was it that I was supposed to do…? My mind feels hazy. I don’t think there’s any poison left, and my wounds should’ve been healed by Mary… so why?

“…Ehh,” Haruhiro shook his head and blinked a few times. “This is… I’m sorry for messing up. Now, first of all… Ah, yes. I don’t think that goblin we saw just now was normal. And I’m not saying that just because he beat me up. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a goblin act and move the way that one did. How can I say it—Ah, I get, uhm, yes, I don’t think we should stay here any longer. We could get shot again. It might even bring allies.”

Ranta made a sour expression and jerked his chin. “Then get up already.”

“Are you alright?” Mary asked, offering a helping hand.

“…Um.”

Haruhiro stood up. It wasn’t like he couldn’t stay standing, but he was definitely feeling weird. His body felt weak and sluggish.

“Nuu—…?” Yume leaned in and stared at Haruhiro’s face intently. “Wahhh!? Your face is lookin’ terrible, Haruhiro!”

Shihoru too stared at him and frowned. “…It’s true.”

“He did lose a considerable amount of blood,” Mary said as she adjusted herself to support Haruhiro. “His wounds were healed by magic, but that doesn’t replenish lost blood. Going any further today will be…”

“Hey hey hey hey heeey.” Ranta had been rummaging through the goblin corpses, but at that statement, his face distorted and his veins popped out. “Don’t tell me you guys fucking plan on going back to Altana? We’ve barely earned anything, you know? If we go back with just this, we’ll end up in the red! Bankrupt!”

“But we have lots of money!” Yume protested.

“Shuuut up, Yume! The thing with money is, no matter how much you have, it immediately disappears!”

“…Because you waste it all on pointless stuff.”

“Shihoruuuu! Don’t go around talking about wasting stuff with those huge tits! I will fucking fondle you!”

“Wh…!” Shihoru brought her arms to her chest in an attempt to hide it. “…Scumbag.”

“Hahaha! That doesn’t bother me at all!”

“Ranta, you’re really…” Haruhiro said with a sigh.

My head kinda hurts. Everything is too bothersome. I really want nothing more than to go back, but… is that really okay? It’s probably… not, right?

“…Sorry. Let me rest a bit first. Somewhere far away from here… I think I’ll feel a little better after a break. How about we decide what to do after that?”

“I guess that’s an alright plan. But,” Ranta pointed at Haruhiro, “I’ll just say this, Haruhiro. This situation is completely your fault. You better remember this. ‘Cause even though you’re shitty, you’re still the leader.”

chapter 8 part 1 out on oct 30

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[1]: This is a pun on a Japanese martial arts idiom, which goes: Let him cut your skin, and you cut his flesh. Let him cut your flesh, and you sever his bones. Let him sever your bones, and you sever his life.